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Betty Lee Hall

Jacoba Lopez

ASSEMBLY

Virginia Rago

Norine Towson

ACTIVITIES

By Helen Sweeney '43

Coming Events

November 13-----Winters Game There

November 20-----Armijo Game Here

November 23-27-----Vacation

Let's all support the team and try to get up to Winters today to the game between their Warriors and the Vaca Bulldogs. This ought to be a very good scrap. The gun goes off at 3:00 o'clock. Let's see the kick off!

Greta's new assistant, Jacoba Lopez, proved herself to be very good at the last game. She and Greta are two good yell leaders. Let's help them out this afternoon by having a good rooting section.

Two weeks ago the Vaca team went down to Armijo full of spirit, ready to beat the Indians. We came back in defeat, but next Friday Armijo comes up to the local field and we are almost sure to it's defeat, BUT the only way we can beat the Indians is by school spirit. What we need at our game is a good rooting section. Armijo has one, why can't we? If we want victory next Friday, let's go to the game. Don't forget, 3:00 p.m. at the football field.

Playing other students' instruments is getting to be quite common in the band room. This is not only harming other peoples property, but is a good way to spread disease. Don't use anyone's instrument. If you are that interested in music, see Mr. Record, and he will gladly get you an instrument of your own.

Don't forget, Come to the Games and YELL! !

Your editor received the following letter right after the Armijo game.

"At Armijo, Friday, October 30, the biggest game of the year was to take place between our football team and Armijo's. This game used to be the most important, exciting, and breath taking one of the whole year. That morning we had a fair pep-rally, and everyone was urged to be at the game. Everyone expected a large rooting section. When the game started, there was a fairly good crowd, but finally they all wandered off down town in the middle of the first half. Vacaville boys and girls were sitting in their cars gazing at each other instead of getting out to get some pep into the team and help the rooting section. On top of all that, Vaca lost this hard-fought game. Our boys did swell, though, but they were terribly disappointed by the lack of Student Body support. After the game, two of the best players

were heard talking in low tones, and this is what they said, "I'm giving up for good! What good are we? Nobody at the game, nothing to fight for! They don't care if we win or break our necks!"

"You can imagine how they felt, playing football for the school, getting bloody noses and black and blue, and what for?

All I hope is that everyone will wake up, and make the name of VACAVILLE UNION HIGH SCHOOL stand for a little more than "dead beat." Get going right now and show the team we really appreciate them."

--Anonymous

AS FOR THE MEN

I'll take the Aggies.	Emily McCadden
I'm looking around.	Pat Holmes
They make life interesting.	Anne Mowers
I'm worried.	Kay Goepfert
I'm not bashful.	Greta Neil
I've picked out mine.	Beverly Duren
They don't understand me.	Beverly Bartoll
I've recently become interested.	Norine Towson
I'll take the Navy.	Dorothy Boll
I can't resist them.	Rita Kramm
I like red heads.	Betty Leonard
I like them crazy.	Betty Price
They're the least of my worries.	Louise Hilden
One's enough.	Frances Baron
Not yet !	Mary Helen Power
They keep me amused.	Anne Cheechov
They annoy me.	Carmel Libonati
They sure keep you worried.	Clare Mowers
I take them for granted.	Alice Martinez
They ain't hip	Barbara Allen

BULLDOGS ARE UPSET

By Don Wilburn '44

The Vacaville team went to Armijo last week with great hopes of triumph, but, as many know, they came home with Vacaville's second loss, a 19-13 Victory.

First Quarter Sees Armijo Score Twice

The Vaca Bulldogs went onto the field with high spirits. The acting Captain of the day was James Rogers. The rival Captains went into a huddle and Vaca winning the toss, chose to receive. The first plays went off well until a pass was intercepted, letting Armijo show their goods. Gonzales showed his running technique by marching downfield for the first touchdown, stopping at no one. Armijo made the conversion and brought the score to a 7-0 lead for the Indians. Vaca boys were now very low in spirit and Armijo took great advantage of this. The Bulldogs chose to receive again and started down the field but lacked the spirit for first downs or a possible touchdown. The ball again went to Armijo and Gonzales threw a pass to Feria for the second score of the quarter, making Armijo's lead 13-0.

Improvement for Bulldogs in Second Quarter

In the second quarter the Bulldogs dug in, doing better and holding the Armijo team to only one more score in that quarter. The score was made by Gonzales on an end run. Armijo failed to convert, and the half ended 19-0 in Armijo's favor.

During the Half

The Vacaville squad was a very sober bunch with very few words being passed about. Each player individually and the team as a whole, made a decision to get a taste of blood in the next quarter and went into the game with that determination.

Third Quarter Proves Decision

In the third quarter the Indians let their second team go in, thinking the game a cinch. The Bulldogs again chose to receive and went over for the first touchdown. The Indians seeing their plight, again sent in their first squad, hoping to squelch the Bulldogs' fast start in the second half. The Bulldogs outplayed their opponents greatly, but failed to score again.

Final Touchdown

The Bulldogs faced the last quarter with high hopes and soon made another touchdown, bringing their score up to 13 points with Armijo still in the lead. With about 2 minutes to play, Martin Markiewicz sent in for a passing offense. He threw 2 passes, one being knocked down and the second being intercepted. This was caused by a mistake in the lineup for the play. Vacaville lost the ball and the gun went off, leaving Armijo with a 19-13 win.

REASONS FOR ABSENCE

According to State law, there is only one legitimate excuse for a student's absence. That excuse is the illness of the student himself.

In an average day's list of excuses, one finds the following presented, only a few of which are at all justifiable:

Shopping	Working	Mother ill
Ill	Hair fixed	Stay home with mother
Hurt in gym	Trip	Dental work
Accident	Help on ranch	Car wouldn't start
Lunch not ready	Drive mother to town	Funeral

CORNY CORNER

By Clare and Betty

Julian: I felt like telling that teacher where to get off again.

Bob P.: What do you mean again?

Julian: I felt like it yesterday, too.

Clare: (pointing to a cigarette butt on the floor) Is that yours?

Nancy: Of course not, you saw it first.

Miss Piner: Who in heaven's name put those flowers on the table?

Class: Mr. Williams!

Miss Piner: Oh-----pretty, aren't they?

Robert Y.: What do you mean by telling Eugenia I'm a fool?

Barbara: Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't know it was a secret.

John P.: Those auto engineers are certainly genuises at making driving easier.

Nick L.: How do you mean?

Pulido: 1940, no running boards, 1941, no gear shifts, 1942, no tires, 1943, no cars.

The girls: Have we ever told you this one before?

Nancy: Yes!

The girls: Good, maybe you'll get it this time.

Carmel's mother: You made your bed nicely today, Carmel.

Carmel: No mom, I didn't make it nicely, I just got out carefully.

John S.: Hey, you scare me to death when you take those turns.

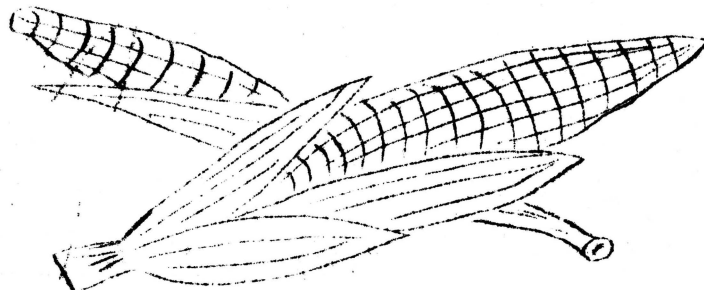
Jack: Do what I do, close your eyes.

Mr. Butler: Scientists say that mosquitoes weep. Is that true?

Frank P.: It's possible, I've seen a moth ball.

Mrs. Nelson: Who can tell me just what an island is?

Margaret P.: I can, it's a piece of land that went for a swim.



a morons meditations

i am lissenin too the lone ranger i just love to lissen to him wen i gro up i want too be a lone ranger to or maybe i wood like to be his horse silver it wood be fun to be a horse i wood kick sum of the kids i dont like maybe i wood evun kick the skool down then i wood be a reel hero in fak i mite evun kick a fu teechurs yoo no wut i saw holloween nite i saw a wich she an i are good frens now she tol me that she wood make me a wich if i did wut she tol me she tol me too drag ole ded trees aroun an to paint the fire plugs an to fix mr williams house an to tye a donkey to mrs nelsons door so i did it she hasnt cum back yet too make me a wich i wish she wood hurry up then i can go an scare evrybody with my black kat that eets mush i wunner if wiches have frekuls i have frekuls i like frekuls do yoo have frekuls do yoo like frekuls lots of pepul dont like frekuls i saw a ded kat in the street wen i went too skool this morning poor poor kat i wunner if it went to heven i wunner if i will go to heven do you think i will go too heven wen i dye i bet dogs want too go too heven wen thay dye cause i dont like dogs a horabul ole dog tride to bite me holloween nite but i ran awa reel fas an he couldnt cach me mrs nelson just cam in an askt me too look up sumthin fer her she makes me wurk too hard what duz she think i am a genyus i am only a poor little moron an my teechurs all make me wurk too hard sum day i will bern the skool down an then thay cant make me wurk any more besides im not the only moron in skool why dont thay ask sum of the other morons to do sumthing why do

why do thay always pick on me i guess i will just go out an hang
myself its easy all yoo have too do is tye a rope around yore
feet an jump off a foot stool then yoo is hanged ive done it
lots a times its fun i went to the armijo feetball game friday
i had fun everybody said we lost i wunner wut we lost if
thay wood just say wut insted of goin aroun sayin we lost we lost
if thay wood only tell me wut thay lost maybe i cud find it fer
them i feel sorry fer my kat it didnt got any mush fer its
breakfast becus we had waffuls and i like waffuls i always eet
waffuls do yoo like waffuls do yoo eet waffuls do yoo like
kats i like kats i think kats are wunnerful i have too end
my meditashuns now cus i have to go paint sum more fire plugs
befor i go too bed this time i think i will paint them perpul
and yello cause i like perpul an yello do yoo like perpul an
yello

yore good fren

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LET IT BE KNOWN THAT

The purpose of this document is to better the teaching conditions in Vacaville Union High School; and,

Whereas; MR. WILLIAMS finds that his office girls don't pick up where others left off; and,

Whereas; MR. WILLIAMS finds in his advanced math class a paucity of intellectual acumen; and,

Whereas, MR. WILLIAMS finds in his plane geometry class a lack of diligence; and,

Whereas, MR. BOBLET finds that his general math class doesn't do its work; and,

Whereas, MR. BOBLET finds that there are too many in his second period shop class to do good work; and,

Whereas, MR. BOBLET finds his mechanical drawing class whistling and trying to sing; and,

Whereas, MR. BUTLER finds in his general math class too many problems almost right; and,

Whereas, MR. BUTLER calls his physics class "Green Pastures for Deserving Seniors;" and,

Whereas, MR. BUTLER finds in his biology class too many beautiful friendships; and,

Whereas, MR. BUTLER finds in his home science class a lack of domesticity; and,

Whereas, MR. BUTLER finds in his general science class unlimited enthusiasm---for something else; and,

Whereas, MR. BUTLER finds his senior science class has the best set of brains in school because they haven't been used; and,

Whereas, MISS CHAMBERLAIN finds her bookkeeping class making second grade figures; and,

Whereas, MISS CHAMBERLAIN finds her typing class making far too many errors; and,

Whereas MRS. LEE is satisfied since she has only freshmen; and,

Whereas MRS. LEE finds Kay and Art babbling French while the freshmen teach Greta the yells; and,

Whereas, of course, MRS. LEE'S P. E. classes are perfect (they have to be); and,

Whereas, MR. MUNDY finds his farmers gone buck hunting; and,

Whereas, MR. MUNDY finds his freshmen noisy; and,

Whereas, MRS. MARTELL finds her English class poor spellers; and,

Whereas, MRS. MARTELL finds in her history class no study and too much gum, besides peanut shells on the floor; and,

Whereas, MRS. MARTELL catches her math class throwing papers on the floor; and,

Whereas, MRS. NELSON finds her social living classes poor writers; and,

Whereas, MRS. NELSON finds her senior English class fifth-grade grammarians, as well as bored; and,

Whereas, MRS. NELSON describes her Spanish classes thus: "Los alumnos no estudian;" and,

Whereas, MISS PINER finds her boys' cooking and art classes far too noisy; and,

Whereas, MISS PINER finds too much gossip on the loose in her home ec. classes; and,

Whereas, MISS PINER finds her senior home ec. class incapacitated by acute senioritis; and,

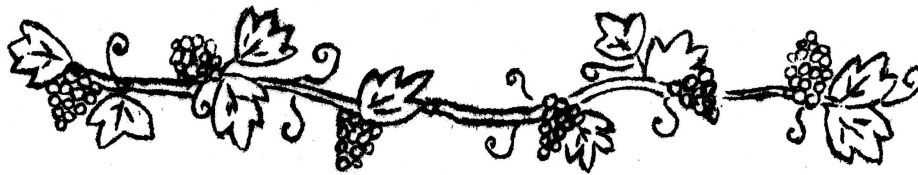
Whereas, MR. RECORD is of the opinion that his chorus is a collection of V. U. H.'s. giggling Gerties; and,

Whereas, MR. RECORD suggests buying boxing gloves for his brawl-loving gym classes; and,

Whereas, MR. RECORD finds the Band inept; and,

Whereas, all the teachers seem displeased; therefore, be it resolved, that if we pick up where others leave off, try to acquire intellectual acumen, become diligent, try not to sing, do our work, get our math problems all the way right, settle down in physics, forget our beautiful friendships during school hours, become domestic, become interested in the right things, use our brains---even if it wears them out, make better figures, make fewer typing errors, gag Kay and Art, keep on being perfect in gym---but because we want to, go buck-hunting on weekends only, quiet the freshmen, become adept spellers, not throw gum or peanut shells on the floor, write better, learn our grammar, study Spanish, quiet down, not gossip, take vitamin B₁ for senioritis, not giggle, not fight in gym, become industrious, and, if we can, please the teachers:

We shall be perfect.



THE GRAPEVINE

Our nomination for this week's "Glamor Boy" goes to FRED ROSS who seems to be most talked about among the local cuties as being "positively alluring"--in other words, quite the "Casanova." The first gal to notice him, so we've heard, was DOLORES ESPINOSA, and unless we're wrong, he was showing quite a bit of interest in her likewise, but that little romance seems to be cancelled. Now, every day after school, he makes a dash for a certain ~~spot~~ on the lawn, where he can see a certain little blonde from grammar school. In spite of his obvious attentions toward LILY, FRED still has a vast number of feminine admirers and I think it will be very interesting watching the outcome of this little feature. Don't look now, but it's been very obvious lately that VERNE TAYLOR and VIRGINIA OLANDER enjoy each other's company, and how! That brings to mind that certain gang that is usually seen riding around in the TAYLOR car every noon hour, consisting of BOB T., LYLA, VERNE, and VIRGINIA. Maybe there really is something to this "extended romance" of JOHNNY E. and ENGEMIA C. Of course, I can't help remembering what happened the first of the term when rumors were started around concerning one time he was supposed to have taken PAT HOLMES home rather late. Oh well, as long as there were just rumors, let's just forget about it, shall we? JOHNNY----that is, if they were just rumors! Ship ahoy! Who is that tall blonde sailor MABLE TURNER knows? Come on now, confess, cause we'll find out anyway. ROSE CINTAS seems to be quite the wolfess lately. Her newest interest is none other than LUTHER CANNON ex '43. She always seems

to be talking about him. Guess who took her home Saturday night? None other than EDDIE FERNANDEZ '41. . . . What's this we hear about BETTY SMITH working at a local service station? Or is she just entertaining P. O. who is supposed to be working? (Great entertainment!) Why does ALICE M. like the idea of her name being linked with that of P. O. in the gossip columns? Are you thinking what we are? This reminds us that we noticed ALICE with R. E. (Armijo) Friday night. He sure makes the rounds in Vacaville. . . . Have you noticed how reserved FRED PAPIN is? Oh well, NICK and ROBERT D. were bashful their freshman year, too, but look at them now! It's certainly a shame people have to change so much. . . . Although J. C. and F. B. have come to the parting of the ways, it's very apparent (and we don't think we're wrong) where FRANCES'S affections are. . . . "SHEIK" OLANDER has really settled down. However, it's a little doubtful about the second party who's slightly on the wolfess side. . . . It looks as if "J. B." is trying hard to make an impression on a certain too cute little soph lass who sits next to him in typing. He seems to be doing all right, too! It seems there's a certain A. G. who would be much happier if that very-much-in-love senior gal weren't true to her devotion. Time will tell! We hear there are other chances, too, BEV! That same A. G. is quite chummy with C. M. and B. A., also. Maybe you noticed that trio last Friday night. Ha, ha, ha! Open letter to NICK LORENZO: There happens to be a little senior girl who doesn't exactly hate you. She's not half bad either. You'd better look around! Now, JACOB, why don't you stop worrying about whether you're leading the yells well enough? DON can't see you when he's playing. . . . T. W. is very much in love, but she lives in Oakland.

It's a cruel world, isn't it? BETTY PRICE'S shoulder proudly displayed a beautiful orchid given her by MICKEY K. last Saturday night. BETTY also has a new shiny wrist watch. Obvious, isn't it? We kinda wonder if our yell leader doesn't have a weak spot for our assistant yell leader's boy friend. That sophomore glamor boy, SUNDY BERA doesn't seem too interested in the girls this year. Come, come now, SUNDY, can't you give someone a break, especially since the man shortage has hit Vaca Hi so hard? It wouldn't surprise us a bit if ANGIE and G. N. are pulling hair one of these days in the near future. You guess why! Best of luck to JEAN LINDSEY whose marriage has just been revealed. BARBARA seems to be more than just a little worried over gas rationing. Is it because it will keep those numerous out-of-town "acquaintances" home? In case you're wondering, MARG and B. M. are still "that way" about each other. But definitely! J. J. and NELSON have been seen very frequently together lately, and from all appearances, he really thinks she's OK. Senior Sneak proved very profitable for HELEN. As she got on the bus in the wee hours of the morning, she happened to sit by a sleeping figure who turned out to be a super dream man, causing HELEN to be in a stupor all day. She still hasn't gotten over it. Did you know that NORINE and JULIAN were out together on Halloween? We hear they got along very well, too. Why didn't G. L. and his big date ever show up to hear Tommy Dorsey? You wouldn't kid us would you, GEORGE? Why don't JACK and JOHN ever turn in any items for the Grapevine? We can't understand this because they never miss a trick, and we do mean never! How did JACK S. get the nickname "Wolf"? We

guess that's another instance where "you can't always tell by looking." PHYLLIS and CHARLES LEE still seem to be going together. They were certainly enjoying each other's company at the show Sunday. Those two little lovebirds, F. G. and G. O. are still going together, despite their frequent little misunderstandings. Frankly, we think they make a perfect couple. We've increased the paper shortage enough for one issue so we'd better close.

FACULTY NOTES

Mr. Williams is spending his noon hours coaching the future C basketball team.

Mr. Butler went on a hike with the Boy Scouts last weekend.

Miss Piner went to San Jose last Friday night to visit her sister. She went to San Francisco to see the Santa Clara- U. S. F. football game on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Boblet went to Vallejo to visit his parents last weekend.

Mr. and Mrs. Record spent last weekend visiting his parents in Berkely.

Miss Chamberlain spent last weekend working for her father.

Mrs. Nelson and Kay Goepfert called on Mrs. Frank H. Buck last Thursday afternoon on Junior Red Cross business.

SHOP NOTES

Blanchard Rogers is making a lawn chair.

Vern Taylor is refinishing an old oak desk.

The boys and Mr. Boblet have put in a stove so they can keep warm in the shop. They burn coal and scraps.

The girls are doing beautiful work with their dainty little hands.

A PUPIL'S MEDITATIONS

I watched the leaves go whirling by
Outside the window sill;
The teacher's voice droned on and on
Until it grew quite still.

The fishes swam 'round in the brook;
An eagle screamed on high;
The fawn hid slyly in its nook;
And the breeze through the pines did sigh.

I shed my clothes and in I dived
To float gently down the stream.
The fishes darted here and there,
And again the eagle screamed.

Suddenly my mind broke clear;
Twasn't the eagle's holler.
'Twas just the teacher screaming at me
As she grabbed me by the collar.

--Frank "Lord Byron" Pritchett
Bill "Longfellow" Solenberger

PORTRAIT OF A JUNIOR GIRL

There once was a red-head named Greta.
For flirtation none ever was betta.
She picks up a boy
And with him she does toy;
And the next day the poor guy she forgetta.



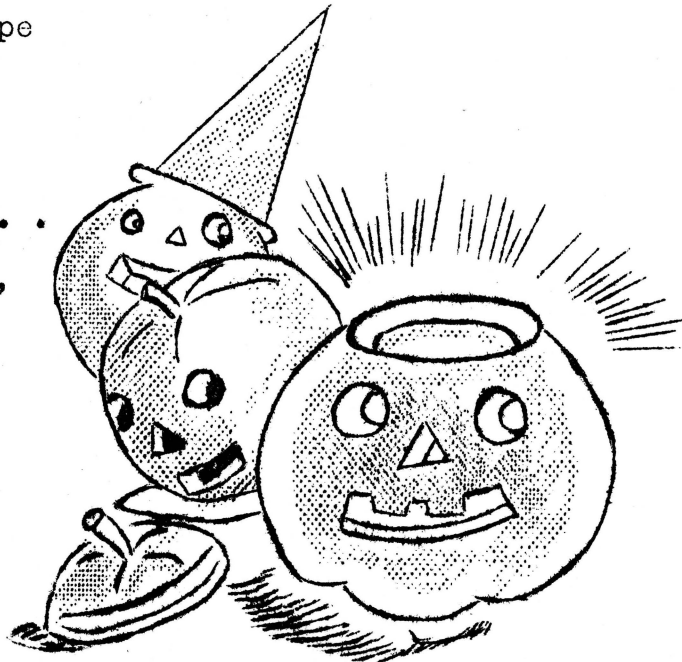
After all the talk---
an orchid to MR. PADAN;
there were no grammar school
kids out. Two to MR. WILL-
IAMS for keeping quiet, so
the high school kids could
go out----good for our mor-
ale. At dusk
we started out to join the
fun. The Vaca streets were
very orderly, well watched
over by DAVE AND CHIEF ALLEY.
Knowing the Vaca gang as
we do, we quickly realized
that under cover of that
depressing darkness there
were things going on. . . .

We noticed J. R. rushing distractedly all over town. This, we
later found out, was due to the fact that he couldn't locate
JACKIE. At Webb's, H. H., N. C., C. M., B. A., and A. M.
were practicing their dramatics-----so well, in fact, that
they got thrown out. Since things were dull, several
suggested going to Armijo. This idea, of course, was dispensed
with quick-like. Well, well, well! What was this
coming up the street? Looked like a can of sardines, but as it
drew nearer, we discovered that it was only J. W. operating a
free taxi service. Then S. B. drove by, and all by his
lonesome. We're still trying to figure that one out, as he

seemed to be soloing all evening. Gay time! G. N.
seemed to be spending a quiet evening, too. And she was safely
home by 11:00 o'clock. She never did get to Armijo.
Tolonas! My, my, here we found V. L., D. W., E. S., and N. L.
Funny, they didn't seem to be enjoying themselves a heck of a
lot. What was the matter, boys? Didn't Armijo show up?
A. F. was there with C. V. (Armijo), and we musn't forget D. D.
who was on convoy duty, as usual. Cute Blue-Jacket!
Back to Vaca where we spied R. C. '42 and M. C. '42 innocently
spending the evening driving around. How old age does creep up!
. . . . About 11:30 and there in front of the show, bewildered,
stood B. D. and C. L. It seems their pals forgot about them.
Cute kids! Around the town once more, and who should
bob up but H. H. and H. T. You know, he didn't look a bit happy.
Of course, HAROLDINE couldn't have done anything to cause that!
. Out to Webb's again! Oh! Activity at last! No sooner
did we arrive than up drove the TAYLORS, and not alone at that.
You kids must not have been very hungry! We guess BEV
and CARMEL finally found their little chums, for here they were.
. . . . Goodness, from the looks of things there, the Vaca Hi
students are certainly encouraging the coffee shortage.
Back in town we began to see fire plugs changing color. This
little mystery was quickly solved when up the street appeared
two little figures on bicycles carrying a bucket of paint. . . .
Suddenly everyone was traveling by way of the alley. We're still
wondering why. You should have seen M. P., B. M., N. P.,
J. J., N. T., A. L., B. P., K. G., M. H. P., and J. C. cautiously
arranging pumpkins on WILLIAMS'S porch. It was really funny!

We hear MR. and MRS. WILLIAMS enjoyed watching too, since the dog refused to pounce on his friends. What was that about the donkey tied to MRS. NELSON'S door? Thoughtful, with four gallons coming up. K. GROFT'S bicycle was on top of the P. O. flag pole. How funny! We noticed many freshmen on bikes doing their little but noticeable pranks. Speedy and quiet getaway, I always say. Some little demons certainly caused a lot of grief between town and Wykoff's with string. They did well 'till someone with a good strong spotlight started searching the orchards. Some parents must've wondered why their little darlings had mud all over themselves. We wonder if those four A W V S harvesters got much sleep, with strategic school windows left open. Two gangs in a certain model A and a Packard should have had more respect for those who got in at a decent hour. You really should have seen A. M, barefoot and in a bathrobe protecting the WILLIAMS interests. Hard as we looked, we couldn't get any dope on BETTY and PAUL.

They certainly kept well hidden.
Have you a big vase, ANITA? Cots should bloom in March!



THE WONDERFUL CLASS OF '45

The main topic of discussion around school has been the sophomore class. Everyone has read or heard about the Freshman Reception, a traditional event where the two classes are supposed to get acquainted, and the freshmen made to feel welcome. However, this year certain babies in our sophomore class decided to modernize (or so they thought) the party.

When freshmen were served ice cream, they were given it very quietly and very fashionably, thrown in the face, as it were. See what I mean by "modernize"?

The class is also noted for orderly and beautifully conducted class meetings. Everybody talks at the same time while the president stands in front hardly daring to breathe. What goes in nobody knows. Nine times out of ten it develops that the discussion is entirely different from the business at hand. By the time the bell rings, the meeting has been called to order and the minutes have been read.

When the poor president appoints committees, there is much mumbling, and unpolite words are shouted across the room about his partiality. Of course, the critics are the ones who never do anything and always disturb the meetings.

Confidentially I think the class is hopeless and it's no small wonder that the upper-classmen feed us onions instead of orchids-----even the freshmen!

* * * * *

OK, now that you've read that sophomores, don't you feel a little ashamed? It still isn't too late to start taking a little

interest in your class doings. Let's try to make ours the best class instead of the worst! All right, let's get in there and work. By the way, remember, you have your share to do!

Now, I think we owe something to Miss Piner for being so nice when we were so rude. I think the best thing would be to behave in our next class meeting, if we can get one. Remember, "United we stand----divided we fall."

--Two Disgusted Sophomores

VACA STUDENTS HEAR BAND

By B. A.

As most of you Solid Jacksons know, T. D. sent them at the M. A. November 3. If you aint hep to that jive gab, that means, Tommy Dorsey played at the Memorial Auditorium.

Vaca was well represented with Anne and Clare Mowers, Beverly Duren, and Barbara Allen in one group, and Emily with "Baby Doll" (otherwise known as Bob Cudaback) and Nancy with Jerry (Davis) in another. Tom Williams was wolfing it up there, also. Alumni were seen staggering about, those being, Mac Chandler, Walt Utz, Bill Price, Dick McEathron, and Cleve Solenberger. And by the way, there were two mysterious people called "Daddy" and "Baby Duck" present, the latter being very attentive to B. D.

T. D. was solid, as usual, and was enjoyed by all. Clare and Barbara, those solid senders, and as hep as ever, went backstage to get autographs. But, it seems the band didn't appreciate these two hep-cats, so they were asked to leave. So they were forced to wait forty-five minutes for T. D's. autograph.

There was a big turnout and jitterbugs and soldiers were numerous---much to our enjoyment!